

monies of the wars⁹, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud ; you heard him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an afs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should alfo, look you, be an afs, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb ; in your own conscience now ?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.*

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks wonder ?

Bates. I think it be : but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there ?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you ?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman : I pray you, what thinks he of our estate ?

K. Hen. Even as men wreck'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king ?

K. Hen. No ; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think, the king is but a man, as I am : the violet smells to him, as it doth to me ; the element shews to him, as it doth to me ; all his senses have but human conditions¹ : his ceremonies laid by, in his

⁹ *I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonys of the wars, &c.]* Amongst the laws and ordinances militarie set down by Robert Earl of Leicester in the Low countries, and printed at Leyden, 1586, one is, that “no man shall make any outcry or noise in any watch, ward, ambush, or any other place where silence is requisite, and necessarie, upon paine of losse of life or limb at the general’s discretion.” REED.

¹ —conditions :] are qualities. The meaning is, that objects are represented

his nakedness he appears but a man ; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing * ; therefore when he fe's reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are ; Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will : but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck ; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king ; I think, he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then, 'would he were here alone ; so should he be sure to be ransom'd, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone ; howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds : Methinks, I could not die any where so contented, as in the king's company ; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable².

Will. That's more than we know.

presented by his senses to him, as to other men by theirs. When danger to another is danger likewise to him, and w'll he fear it is like the fear of meaner mortals. JOHNSON.

* —though his affections are bigger mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing :] This passage alludes to the ancient sport of falconry. When the hawk, after soaring aloft, or mounting high, descended in its flight, it was said to *stoop*. So, in an old song on falconry in my Ms. of old songs, p. 480 :

" She flyeth at one
" Her marke jumpe upon,
" And mounteth the welkin cleare ;
" Then right the stoopes,
" When the falkner he whoopes,
" Triumphing in her chauncleare." PERCY.

² —his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.] So Holinshed : —" calling his capitaines and his iouldiers aboue him, he [Henry V.] made to them a right harty oration, requiring them to play the men, that they might obtaine a glorious victorie, as there was good hope they should, if they would remember the just cause and quarrel for the whiche they fought." MALONE.

Bates.

Bates. Ay, or more³ than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopp'd off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We died at such a place; some, swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly left⁴. I am afraid there are few die well, that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey, were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assai'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd injuries, you may call the busines of the master the author of the servant's damnation:—But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with

³ Bates. *Ay, or more, &c.*] This sentiment does not correspond with what Bates has just before said. The speech, I believe, should be given to Court. See 545, n. 7. MALONE.

⁴ — *their children rawly left.*] That is, *without preparation, hastily, suddenly.* What is not *matured* is *raw*. So, in *Macbeth*:

"Why in this *rawness* left he wife and children." JOHNSON.

the broken seals of perjury : some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and out-run native punishment⁵, though they can out-strip men, they have no wings to fly from God : war is his beadle, war is his vengeance ; so that here men are punish'd, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel : where they feared the death, they have borne life away ; and where they would be safe, they perish : Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's⁶ ; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote^{*} out of his conscience : and dying so, death is to him advantage ; or⁷ not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained : and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain⁷, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer for it.

⁵ —native punishment,] That is, punishment in their native country. HEATH.

So, in a subsequent scene :

" A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,

" Find native graves." MALONE.

Native punishment is such as they are born to, if they offend. STEEV.

⁶ Every subject's duty, &c.] This is a very just distinction, and the whole argument is well followed, and properly concluded. JOHNSON.

^{*} —every mote—] Old Copy — *mote*, which was only the ancient spelling of *mote*. I suspected, but did not know, this to be the case, when I proposed the true reading of a passage in *K. John*. See Vol. IV. p. 526, n. 7. MALONE.

⁷ Will. 'Tis certain, &c.] In the quarto this little speech is not given to the same soldier who endeavours to prove that the king was answerable for the mischiefs of war, and who afterwards gives his glove to Henry. The persons are indeed there only distinguished by figures, 1, 2, 3.—But this circumstance, as well as the tenour of the present speech, shews, that it does not belong to Williams, who has just been maintaining the contrary doctrine. It might with propriety be transferred to *Court*, who is on the scene, and says scarcely a word. MALONE.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. Mass, you'll pay him then⁸! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun⁹, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hang'd.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

⁸ 'Mass, you'll pay him then!] To pay in old language meant to *trash* or *beat*; and here signifies to bring to account, to punish. See p. 173, n. 4. The text is here made out from the folio and quarto. MALONE.

⁹ — *that's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, —]* In the old play [the quarto 1600,] the thought is more opened. *It is a great displeasure that an elder gun can do against a cannon, or a subject against a monarch.*

JOHNSON.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns¹ to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: But it is no English treason, to cut French crowns; and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt* Soldiers.]

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls²,
 Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
 Our sins, lay on the king;—we must bear all
 O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
 Subject to the breath³ of every fool,
 Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!
 What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
 That private men enjoy?
 And what have kings, that privates have not too,
 Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
 And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
 What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
 Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
 What are thy rents? what are thy coming-in?
 O ceremony, shew me but thy worth!
 What is the soul of adoration³?
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
 Creating awe and fear in other men?

Where-

¹ —may lay twenty French crowns, &c.] There is surely no necessity for supposing [with Dr. Johnson] any allusion in this passage to the venereal disease. The conceit here seems to turn merely upon the equivocal sense of *crown*, which signifies either a *coin*, or a *head*.

TYRWHITT.

² Upon the king! &c.] There is something very striking and solemn in this folioquy, into which the king breaks immediately as soon as he is left alone. Something like this, on less occasions, every breast has felt. Reflection and seriousness rush upon the mind upon the separation of a gay company, and especially after forced and unwilling merriment. JOHNSON.

³ What is the soul of adoration?] i. e. What is the real worth and intrinck value of adoration?—The folio (for this passage is not in the quarto,) reads—What is thy soul of odoration. The latter word was corrected in the second folio. For the other emendation, now made, the present editor is answerable. *Thy, the, and they*, are frequently confounded in the old copies. In many of our author's plays we find similar expressions: in *Troilus and Cressida*, “my very soul of counsele;” in *K. Henry IV. P. I.*—“the soul of hope;” and in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, “the soul of love.” Again, in the play before us:

Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it giw⁴ place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the scepter, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tissed robe of gold and pearl,
The farfed titles running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly⁵ as the wretched slave;
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil."

Dr. Johnson reads—

What is thy soul, O adoration?

But the mistake appears to me more likely to have happened in the word *thy* than in *of*; and the examples that I have produced support that opinion. MALONE.

⁴ *The farfed title*—] *Farfed* is *fluffed*. The tumid puffy titles with which a king's name is always introduced. This, I think, is the sense.

JOHNSON.

So, in *All for Money*, by T. Lupton, 1578:

"And like a greedy cormorant with belly full *farced*." STEEV.

⁵ *Can sleep so soundly, &c.*] These lines are exquisitely pleasing. *To sweat in the eye of Phœbus, and to sleep in Elysium*, are expressions very poetical. JOHNSON.

And

And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labour, to his grave:
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
 Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight,
 Collect them all together at my tent:
 I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [Exit.]

K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!
 Possess them not with fear; take from them now
 The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
 Pluck their hearts from them⁶!—Not to-day, O Lord,
 O not to-day, think not upon the fault
 My father made in compassing the crown!

I Richard's

⁶ —if the opposed numbers

Pluck their hearts from them!] The folio reads—*of* the opposed numbers. The very happy emendation now adopted, is Mr. Tyrwhitt's. In *King John*, edit. 1632, these words have again been confounded:

“Lord of our presence, Angiers, and *if* you,” instead of—*of* you. The same mistake has, I think, happened also in *Twelfth Night* folio, 1623:

“For, such as we are made *if* such we be.” where we should certainly read—

“For, such as we are made *of*, such we be.”

In the subsequent scene we have again the same thought. The Constable of France after exhorting his countrymen to take horse, adds,

“Do but behold yon poor and starved band,

“And your fair shew shall suck away their souls,

“Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.”

In Hall's *Chronicle*, HENRY IV. fol. 23, we find a kindred expression to that in the text: “Henry encouraged his part so, that they took their hearts *to* them, and manly fought with their enemies.”

A passage in the speech which the same chronicler has put into Henry's mouth, before the battle of Agincourt, may also throw some light on

I Richard's body have interred new ;
 And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
 Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood,
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood ; and I have built
 Two chaftries⁷, where the sad and solemn priests
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do :
 Though all that I can do, is nothing worth ;
 Since that my penitence comes after all,
 Imploring pardon⁸.

Enter

that before us, and serve to support the emendation that has been made ;
 "Therefore putting your only trust in him, let not their multitude fear
 your hearts, nor their great number abate your courage."

The passage stands thus in the quarto, 1600 :

" Take from them now the sense of reckoning,

" That the opposed numbers which stand before them,

" May not appal their courage."

This fully refutes the notion of an anonymous *remarker*, who understands the word *pluck* as optative, and supposes that Henry calls on the God of battles to deprive his soldiers of their hearts ; that is, of their *courage*, for such is evidently the meaning of the expression ;—(so in the common phrase, "have a good heart,")—and in the passage just quoted from Hall ;) though this commentator chooses to understand by the word—*sense and passions*.

Mr. Theobald reads—*left* the opposed numbers, &c. He and some other commentators seem indeed to think that *any* word may be substituted for another, if thereby *sense* may be obtained ; but a word ought rarely to be substituted in the room of another, unless either the emendation bears such an affinity to the corrupted reading, as that the error might have arisen from the mistake of the eye or the ear of the compositor or transcriber ; or a word has been caught inadvertently by the compositor from a preceding or subsequent line. MALONE.

Theobald's alteration certainly makes a very good sense ; but, I think, we might read, with less deviation from the present text,—if the opposed numbers, &c.

In conjectural criticism, as in mechanics, the perfection of the art, I apprehend, consists in producing a given effect with the least possible force. TYRWHITT.

⁷ *Two chaftries*,] One of these monasteries was for Carthusian monks, and was called *Bethlehem* ; the other was for religious men and women of the order of Saint Bridget, and was named *Sion*. They were on opposite sides of the Thames, and adjoined the royal manor of *Sheene*, now called *Richmond*. MALONE.

⁸ *Since that my penitence comes after all,*

Imploring pardon.] I do all this, says the king, *though all that I can*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:—
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The French Camp.

Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and Others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords.

Dau. Montez a cheval:—My horse! valet! lacquay! ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. Via!—les eaux et la terre?—

Orl. Rien puis? l'air et le feu—

Dau. Ciel! cousin Orleans.—

can do is nothing worth, is so far from being an adequate expiation of the crime, that penitence comes after all, imploring pardon both for the crime and the expiation. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath's explication appears to me more correct. "I am sensible that every thing of this kind, (works of piety and charity,) which I have done or can do, will avail nothing towards the remission of this sin; since I well know that after all this is done, true penitence, and imploring pardon, are previously and indispensably necessary towards my obtaining it." MALONE.

9 *Via!—les eaux et la terre—*] *Via* is an old hortatory exclamation, as *allons!* JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is right. So, in *King Edward III.* 1596:

"Then *Via!* for the spacious bounds of France!"

Again, in Marston's *What you Will*, 1607:

"Tut, *Via!* let all run glib and square!" STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 273, &c. 3.

This dialogue will be best explained by referring to the seventh scene of the preceding act, in which the Dauphin, speaking in admiration of his horse, says, "When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air:—It is a beast for Perseus; he is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him." He now, seeing his horse at a distance, attempts to say the same thing in French: "*Les eaux et la terre,*" the waters and the earth—*have no share in my horse's composition*, he was going to have said; but is prevented by the duke of Orleans, who replies,—Can you add nothing more? Is he not air and fire? Yes, says the Dauphin, and even heaven itself. He had in the former scene called his horse *Wonder of nature*. These words, however, may admit of a different interpretation. He may mean to boast, that, when on horseback, he can bound over *all the elements*, and even soar to heaven itself.

MALONE.

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord Constable !

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides ;
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them⁸ with superfluous courage : Ha !

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood ?
How shall we then behold their natural tears ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes ! straight to horse !
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair fiew shall fuck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands ;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport : let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our velour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lacqueys, and our peafants,—
Who, in unnecessary action, swarm
About our squares of battle,—were enough
To purge this field of such a hilding foe⁹ ;
Though we, upon this mountain's basis by *
Took stand for idle speculation :

⁸ And dout them —] In the folio, where alone this passage is found, the word is written *dout*. To *dout*, for to *do out*, is a common phrase at this day in Devonshire and the other western counties ; where they often say, *dout the fire*, that is, *put out the fire*. Many other words of the same structure are used by our author ; as, to *don*, i. e. to *do on*, to *doff*, i. e. to *do off*, &c. In *Hamlet* he has used the same phrase :

" — the dram of base

" Both all the noble substance of worth *dout*," &c.

The word being provincial, the same mistake has happened in both places ; *doubt* being printed in *Hamlet* instead of *dout*.

Mr. Pope for *doubt* substituted *daunt*, which was adopted in the subsequent editions. For the emendation now made I imagined I should have been answerable ; but on looking into Mr. Rowe's edition I find he has anticipated me, and has printed the word as it is now exhibited in the text. MALONE.

⁹ — a hilding foe ;] See Vol. III. p. 279, n. 1. MALONE.

* — upon this mountain's basis by —] See Henry's speech, sc. vii :

" — Take a trumpet, herald ;

" Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill." MALONE.

• But that our honours must not. What's to say?
 A very little little let us do,
 And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
 The tucket-sonuance², and the note to mount:
 For our approach shall so much dare the field,
 That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPRE'.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
 Yon island carriions³, desperate of their bones,
 Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
 Their ragged curtains⁴ poorly are let loose,
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
 Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
 And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
 Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
 With torch-staves in their hand⁵: and their poor jades

² *The tucket-sonuance, &c.*] He uses terms of the field, as if they were going out only to the chase for sport. *To dgre the field* is a phrase in falconry. Birds are dared when by the falcon in the air they are terrified from rising, so that they will be sometimes taken by the hand. Such an easy capture the lords expected to make of the English. JOHNSON.

The *tucket-sonuance* was, I believe, the name of an introductory flourish on the trumpet, as *toccata* in Italian is the prelude of a sonata on the harpsichord, and *toccar la tromba*, is to blow the trumpet.

Sonance is a word used by Heywood, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1620:

"Or, if he chance to endure our tongues so much

"As but to hear their *sonance*—." STEEVENS.

³ *Yon island carriions, &c.*] This and the preceding description of the English is founded on the melancholy account given by our historians, of Henry's army, immediately before the battle of Agincourt:

"The Englishmen were brought into great misery in this journey [from Harfleur to Agincourt]; their victual was in manner spent, and new could they get none:—rest could they none take, for their enemies were ever at hand to give them alarmes: daily it rained, and nightly it freezed; of fewel there was great scarcity, but of fluxes great plenty; money they had enough, but wares to bestowe it upon, for their relief or comforte, had they little or none." Holinshed. MALONE.

⁴ *Their ragged curtains—*] That is, their colours. MASON.

⁵ *Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,*

With torch-staves in their hand;] *Grandpré alludes to the form of the ancient candlesticks, which frequently represented human figures holding the sockets for the lights in their extended hands.—A similar image occurs in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612: "—he shew'd like a pewter candlestick, fashioned like a man in armour, holding a tilting staff in his hand little bigger than a candle." STEEVENS.

Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips ;
 The gum down-ropeing from their pale-dead eyes ;
 And in their pale dull mouths the ⁶ gimbal bit
 Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless ;
 And their executors, the knavish crows ⁷,
 Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.
 Description cannot suit itself in words,
 To démonstrate the life of such a battle
 In life so likeles as it shews itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,
 And give their fainting horses provender,
 And after fight with them ?

Con. I stay but for my guard ⁸; On, to the field :

I will

⁶ —gimmel bit—] *Gimmel* is in the western counties, a *ring*; a *gimmel bit* is therefore a *bit* of which the parts play'd one within another. JOHNSON.

“A *gimmel* or *gemmow ring*, (says Minshew, DICT. 1617,) from the Gal. *gemeau*, Lat. *gemellus*, double, or twinies, because they be rings with two or more links.” MALONE.

⁷ —their executors, the knavish crows,] The crows who are said to have the disposal of what they shall leave, their hides and their flesh. JOHNSON.

⁸ I stay but for my guard; &c.] Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens are of opinion that “guard in this place means rather something of ornament, or of distinction, than a body of attendants.” But from the following passage in Holinshed, p. 554, which our author certainly had in his thoughts, it is clear, in my apprehension, that *guard* is here used in its ordinary sense: “When the mesienger was come backe to the Frenche hoste, the men of warre put on their hellettes, and clauded their trumpets to blow to the battaile. They thought themselves so sure of victory, that diverse of the noble men made such haste toward the battaile, that they left many of their servants and *men of warre* behind them, and some of them would not once stay for their *standards*; as amongst other the Duke of Brabant, when his *standard* was not come, caused a *banner* to be taken from a *trumpet*, and fastened to a speare, the which he commanded to be borne before him, instead of a *standard*.” The latter part only of this passage was quoted by Mr. Steevens; but the whole considered together proves, in my apprehension, that *guard* means here nothing more than the *men of war* whose duty it was to attend on the Constable of France, and among those his *standard*, that is, his *standard-bearer*. In a preceding passage Holinshed mentions, that “the Constable

I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come away!
The sun is high, and we out-wear the day. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The English Camp.

*Enter the English host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER,
SALISBURY and WESTMORELAND.*

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us? 'tis a fearful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:

If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,

Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—

My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,—

And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewel, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewel, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day⁹:

And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,

For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour. [Exit SAL.]

Constable of France, the Marshal, &c. and other of the French nobility; came and pitched down their standards and banners in the county of St. Paule." Again: "Thus the French men being ordered under their standards and banners, made a great shew;"—or as Hall has it; "Thus the French men were every man under his banner, only waiting," &c. It appears from both these historians, that all the princes and nobles in the French army bore banners, and of these one hundred and twenty-six were killed in this battel.

In a subsequent part of the description of this memorable victory, Holinshed mentions that "Henry having felled the Duke of Alanson, the king's guard, contrary to his mind, outrageously flew him." The Constable, being the principal leader of the French army, had, without doubt, like Henry, his guard also, one of whom bore before him, as we may collect from Hall, the banner-royal of France. MALONE.

⁹ *Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly to-day.*] This line, which in the folio is printed after the two lines that now succeed it, was properly transposed by Mr. Theobald. The regulation (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) is supported by the quarto. MALONE.

Bed.

Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Weft. O that we now had here¹

Enter King HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he, that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove², I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;
It yerns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

¹ *O that we now had here, &c.]* From *Holinshed*: “It is said also, that he should heare one of the hoste utter his wishe to another, that stood next to him, in this wise: I would to God there were present here with us this day so many good fouldiers as are at this hour within the realme of England; whereupon the kyng answered: I would not wishe a man more here than I have,” &c. *MALONE.*

² *By Jove,—]* The king prays like a christian, and swears like a heathen. *JOHNSON.*

I believe the player-editors alone are answerable for this monstrous incongruity. In consequence of the Stat. 3 James I. c. 21, against introducing the sacred name on the stage, &c. they omitted it where they could; and in verse, (where the metre would not allow omission,) they substituted some other word in its place. The author, I have not the least doubt, wrote here—*By beaven*. *MALONE.*

This

This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian³:
 He, that out-lives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
 And rouze him at the name of Crispian.
 He, that shall live this day, and see old age⁴,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
 And say—to-morrow is saint Crispian:
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars,
 And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day*. •
 Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot⁵;
 But he'll remember, with advantages⁶,
 What feats he did that day: Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouths⁷ as household words,—
 Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:

³—of Crispian:—] The battle of Agincourt was fought upon the 25th of October, St. Crispin's day. The legend upon which this is founded, follows. “Crispinus and Crispianus were brethren, born at Rome; from whence they travelled to Soissons in France, about the year 303, to propagate the christian religion; but because they would not be chargeable to others for their maintenance, they exercised the trade of shoemakers; but the governor of the town discovering them to be christians, ordered them to be beheaded about the year 303. From which time, the shoemakers made choice of them for their tutelar saints.” *Wheatley's Rational Illustration*, folio edit. p. 76. GREY.

⁴ He that shall live this day and see old age,] The folio reads:
 He that shall see this day and live old age.

The transposition (which is supported by the quarto,) was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

* And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day.] This line I have restored from the quarto, 1600. The preceding line appears to me abrupt and imperfect without it. MALONE.

⁵—yet all—] I believe, we should read,—yea, all, &c. MALONE.

⁶—with advantages,—] Old men, notwithstanding the natural forgetfulness of age, shall remember their feats of this day, and remember to tell them with advantage. Age is commonly boastful, and inclined to magnify past acts and past times. JOHNSON.

⁷ Familiar in their mouths—] i. e. in the mouths of the old man (“who has outlived the battle and come safe home,”) and “his friends.” This is the reading of the quarto, which I have preferred to that of the folio,—*his mouth*; because *their cups*, the reading of the folio in the subsequent line, would otherwise appear, if not ungrammatical, extremely awkward. The quarto reads—in their flowing bowls; and there are other considerable variations in the two copies. MALONE.

This

This story shall the good man teach his son ;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world ²,
 But we in it shall be remembered :
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
 For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition ³ :
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here ;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
 That fought with us upon saint Crispin's day ¹.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed :
 The French are bravely ² in their battles set,
 And will with all expedience ³ charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

Weft. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now !

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England
 cousin ?

Weft. God's will, my liege, 'would you and I alone,
 Without more help, might fight this battle out ⁴ !

¹ — *From this day to the ending* —] It may be observed that we are apt to promise to ourselves a more lasting memory than the changing state of human things admits. This prediction is not verified ; the feast of Crispin passes by without any mention of Agincourt. Late events obliterate the former : the civil wars have left in this nation scarcely any tradition of more ancient history. JOHNSON.

² — *gentle his condition* :] This day shall advance him to the rank of a gentleman. JOHNSON.

King Henry V. inhibited any person but such as had a right by inheritance, or grant, to assume coats of arms, except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt ; and, I think, these last were allowed the chief seats of honour at all feasts and public meetings.

TOLLET.

³ — *upon saint Crispin's day*.] This speech, like many others of the declamatory kind, is too long. Had it been contracted to about half the number of lines, it might have gained force, and lost none of the sentiments. JOHNSON.

² — *bravely* —] is splendidly, ostentatiously. JOHNSON.

³ — *expedience* —] i. e. expedition. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *might fight this battle out*.] Thus the quarto. The folio reads : — *could fight this royal battle.* MALONE.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men⁴;

Which likes me better, than to wish us one.—
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry.
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be engluttred. Besides, in mercy,
The Constable desires thee—thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire

4.—thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;—] By wishing only thyself and me, thou hast wished five thousand men away. Shakspere never thinks on such trifles as numbers. In the last scene the French are said to be *full threescore thousand*, which Exeter declares to be *five to one*; but, by the king's account they are twelve to one. JOHNSON.

Holinshed makes the English army consist of 15,000, and the French of 60,000 horse, besides foot, &c. in all 105,000; while Walsingham and Hardynge represent the English as but 9000; and other authors say that the number of French amounted to 150,000. STEEVENS.

Fabian says the French were 40,000, and the English only 7000.

Dr. Johnson, however, I apprehend, misunderstood the king's words. He supposes that Henry means to say, that Westmoreland, wishing himself and Henry alone to fight the battle out with the French, had *wished away the whole English army*, consisting of *five thousand men*. But Henry's meaning was, I conceive, very different. Westmoreland had before expressed a wish that *ten thousand* of those who were idle at that moment in England were added to the king's army; a wish, for which when it was uttered, Henry, whether from policy or spirit, reprimanded him. Westmoreland now says, he should be glad that he and the king alone, without any other aid whatsoever, were to fight the battle out against the French. "Bravely said, (replies Henry;) you have now *half atoned* for your former timid wish for *ten thousand* additional troops. You have *unprovided* *half* of what you wish'd before." The king is speaking figuratively, and Dr. Johnson understood him literally.—Shakspere therefore, though often inattentive to "such trifles as numbers," is here not inaccurate. He undoubtedly meant to represent the English army, (according to Exeter's state of it,) as consisting of about *twelve thousand* men; and according to the best accounts this was nearly the number that Henry had in the field. Hardynge, who was himself at the battle of Agincourt, says that the French army consisted of *one hundred thousand*; but the account is probably exaggerated.

MALONE.

From

From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back;
Bid them atcheive me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in bras of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding valour in our English⁵;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality⁶.

Lct

⁵ *Mark then abounding valour in our English;*] Thus the folio. The quarto has *abundant*. Mr. Theobald reads—a bounding valour; conceiving that “the revival of the English valour was compared to the rebounding of a cannon ball;” and probably misled by the idle notion that our author's imagery must be round, and corresponding on every side, and that this line was intended to be in unison with the next. This was so far from being an object of Shakspere's attention, that he seems to delight in passing hastily from one idea to another. To support his emendation, Mr. Theobald misrepresented the reading of the quarto, which he said was *abundant*. It is, as ^{he} ^{has} been already stated, *abundant*; and proves in my apprehension decisively that the reading of the folio is not formed by any accidental union of different words; for though *bounding* may according to Mr. Theobald's idea be made two words, by what analysis can *abundant* be separated?

We have had already in this play—“superfluous courage,” an expression of nearly the same import “as abounding valour.”

Mr. Theobald's emendation, however, has been adopted in all the modern editions. MALONE.

⁶ *Killing in relapse of mortality.*] What it is to kill in relapse of mortality, I do not know. I suspect that it should be read:

Killing

Let me speak proudly ;—Tell the constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day⁷ :
Our gaynes, and our gilt⁸, are all besmirth'd

With

Killing ~~in~~ *relicues of mortality.*

That is, continuing to kill when they are the *relicues* that death has left behind it.

That the allusion is, as Mr. Theobald thinks, *exceedingly beautiful*, I am afraid few readers will discover. The *valour* of a putrid body, that destroys by the stench, is one of the thoughts that do no great honour to the poet. Perhaps from this putrid valour Dryden might borrow the posthumous empire⁹ of Don Sebastian, who was to reign wherefover his atoms should be scattered. JOHNSON.

By this phrase, however uncouth, Shakspere seems to mean the same as in the preceding line, *Mortality* is death. So, in *K. Henry VI.* Part I :

“ — I beg mortality

“ Rather than life.

Relapse may be used for *rebound*. Shakspere has given *mind of honour*, & *honourable mind*; and by the same rule might write *relapse of mortality* for fatal or mortal rebound; or by *relapse of mortality*, he may mean—after they had *relapsed* into inanimation.

This *putrid valour* is common to the descriptions of other poets as well as Shakspere and Dryden, and is predicated to be no less victorious by Lucan, lib. vii. v. 821.

“ Quid fugis hanc cladem, quid olentes deseris agros?

“ Has trahe, Cæsar, aquas; hoc, si potes, utere æclo.

“ Sed tibi tabentes populi Pharsalica rura

“ Eripiunt, camposque tenent victore fugato.”

Cornelie has imitated this passage in the first speech in his *Pompée*:

“ —de chars,

“ Sur ses champs empestés confusément épars,

“ Ces montagnes de morts privés d'honneurs suprêmes,

“ Que la nature force à se venger eux-mêmes,

“ Et de leurs troncs pourris exhale dans les vents

“ De quoi faire la guerre au reste des vivans.”

Voltaire, in his letter to the Academy of Belles Lettres at Paris, opposes the preceding part of this speech to a quotation from Shakspere. The Frenchman, however, very prudently stopped before he came to the lines which are here quoted. STEEVENS.

The ruggedness of this line, which is rendered by the word *relapse* (at least as we now accent it,) scarcely metre, induces me to think, with Dr. Johnson, that word corrupt. MALONE.

7 — *warriors for the working day* :] We are soldiers but coarsely dressed; we have not on our holiday apparel. JOHNSON.

8 — *our gilt*,] i. e. golden show, superficial gilding. Obsolete. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

With rainy marching in the painful field;
 There's not a piece of feather in our host,
 (Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly,)
 And time hath worn us into slovenry:
 But, by the mafs, our hearts are in the trim
 And my poor soldiers tell me—yet ere night
 They'll be in fresher robes; or they will pluck
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
 And turk them out of service. If they do this,
 (As, if God please, they shall,) my ransom then
 Will soon be levy'd. Herald, save thou thy labour;
 Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints:
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em to them,
 Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mont. I shall, king Harry. And so fare thee well:
 Thou never shalt hear Herald any more. [Exit.
K. Hen. I fear, thou'l once more come again for ransom.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
 The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York,—Now, soldiers, march
 away:—
 And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [Exeunt.

S C E ' N E IV.

The field of battle.

Alarums; Excursions. Enter French soldier, PISTOL, and Boy.

Pift. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. Je pense, que vous êtes le gentilhomme de bonne
 qualité.

Pift.

" When thou waſt in thy gilt and thy perfume, &c."
 Again, in *Arden of Faversham*, 1592:

" And now the rain hath beaten off thy gilt." STEEVENS.

* — the Duke of York.] This personage is the same, who appears in our author's *K. Richard II.* by the title of *Duke of Aumerle*. His christian name was Edward. He was the eldest son of Edmond of Langley, Duke of York, who is introduced in the same play, and who was the fifth

Pif. Quality, call you me?—Contrue me¹, art thou
a gentleman? What is thy name? discus².

Fr. Sol. O seigneur Dieu!

Pif. O, signieur Dew should be a gentleman³:—
Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark;—
O signieur Dew, thou dy'st on point of fox⁴,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de moy!

Pif. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;
For I will fetch thy rint⁵ out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol.

fifth son of King Edward III. Richard Earl of Cambridge, who appears in the second act of this play, was younger brother to this Edward Duke of York. MALONE.

Quality, call you me? Contrue me,—] The folio, where alone these words are found, reads—qualitez calmie custume me.— Dr. Warburton changed custume to contrue, and Mr. Edwards in his Ms. notes proposed the correction of calmie. MALONE.

² — discus.] This affected word is used by Llyly in his *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

“ But first I must discuss this heavenly cloud.” STEEVENS.
— signieur Dew should be a gentleman:] I cannot help thinking, that Shakespeare intended here a stroke at a passage in a famous old book, call'd, *The Gentleman's Academie in Hawking, Hunting, and Armorie*, written originally by Juliana Barnes, and re-published by Gervase Markham, 1595. The first chapter of the *Booke of Armorie*, is, “ The difference twixt Churls and Gentlemen;” and it ends thus: “ From the of-spring of gentelmenly Japhet came Abraham, Moyses, Aaron, and the Prophets; and also the king of the right line of Mary, of whom that only absolute gentleman, Jesu, was borne:—gentleman, by his mother Mary, prinsell of coat armor.” FARMER.

⁴ — on point of fox,] This is an old cant word for a sword. So, in *The two angry women of Kensington*, 1599: “ I had a fword, ay the flower of Smithfield for a fword, a right fox i faith.” Again, in *The Life and Death of Captain Thomas Stukeley*, 1605: “—old hack'd fwords, foxes, bilbos, and horribuckles.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — thy rim —] It appears, from sir Arthur Gorges's *Translation of Lucan*, 1614, that some part of the intestines was anciently called the rimme. Lucan. B. i.

“ The slender rimme, too weake to part

“ The boyling liver from the heart.”

“ — parvusque fecat vitalia limes. L. 623.

“ Parvus limes (says one of the scholiasts) praecordia indicat; membrana

Fr. Sol. *Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?*
Pist. Brafs, cur⁶!

Thou

brana illa que cor et pulmone a jecore et liene dirimuntur." I believe it is now called the *diaphragm* in human creatures, and the skirt or midriff in beasts; but still in some places, the *rim*. Phil. Holland, in his translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* several times mentions the *rim* of the paunch. See B. XXVIII. ch. ix. p. 321, &c. STEEVENS.

Cole in his *DICTIONARY*, 1678, describes it as the *caul* in which the bowels are wrapped. MALONE.

⁶ *Brafs, cur!*] Either Shakespeare had very little knowledge in the French language, or his over-fondness for punning led him in this place, contrary to his own judgment, into an error. Almost every one knows that the French word *bras* is pronounced *braw*; and what resemblance of sound does this bear to *brafs*, that Pistol should reply *Brafs, cur?* The joke would appear to a reader, but could scarce be discovered in the performance of the play. Sir W. RAWLINSON.

If the pronunciation of the French language be not changed since Shakespeare's time, which is not unlikely, it may be suspected that some other man wrote the French scenes. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson makes a doubt, whether the pronunciation of the French language may not be changed since Shakespeare's time; "if not," says he, "it may be suspected that some other man wrote the French scenes": but this does not appear to be the case, at least in this termination, from the rules of the grammarians, or the practice of the poets. I am certain of the former from the French *Alphabet* of De la Mothe, and the *Orthoepia Gallica* of John Eliot; and of the latter from the rhymes of Marot, Ronfard, and Du Bartas.—Connections of this kind were very common. Shakespeare himself assisted Ben Jonson in his *Seljanus*, as it was originally written; and Fletcher in his *Two Noble Kinsmen*. FARMER.

The word *moy* proves in my apprehension decisively, that Shakespeare, or whoever furnished him with his French, (if indeed he was assisted by any one,) was unacquainted with the true pronunciation of that language. *Moy* he has in *K. Richard II.* made a rhyme to *destroy*, so that it is clear that he supposed it was pronounced exactly as it is spelled, as he here supposes *bras* to be pronounced.

" Speak it in French, king; say, pardonnez *moy*.

" Dost thou teach pardon pardon to *destroy*?"

The word *bras* was without doubt pronounced in the last age by the French, and by the English who understood French, as at present, *braw*. So, as Dr. Farmer observes to me, in the prologue to *The Fifth Day's Entertainment at Rutland House*, by Sir W. D'Avenant:

" And could the walls to such a widenes dray,

" That all might fit at easie in *cbaise a bras*."

Drummond of Hawthornden tells us that Ben Jonson did not understand French. It does not, I own, therefore follow that Shakespeare

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat⁷,
Offer'st me bras?

Fr. Sol. O, pardonnez moy!

Pif. Say'ſt thou me ſo? is that a ton of moyſ⁸?—
Come hither, boy; Ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.

Boy. Eſcoutez; Comment eſtes vous appelle?

Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says, his name is—master Fer.

Pif. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him⁹, and
ferrit him:—discuss the fame in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and
firk.

Pif. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monſieur?

Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous
eſt; car ce ſoldat icy eſt diſpoſé tout à cette heure de couper
voſtre gorge.

Pif. Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, peſant,
Unleſt thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled thalt thou be by this my ſword.

Fr. Sol. O, je vous ſupplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me
pardonner! Je ſuis gentilhomme de bonne maſon; garder
ma vie, & je vous donneray deuſ cents eſcus.

was alſo unacquainted with that language; but I think it highly pro-
bable that that was the caſe; or at leaſt that his knowledge of it was
very ſlight. MALONE.

⁷ — luxurious mountain goat,] Luxurious means lascivious. See
p. 517, n. 6. STEEVENS.

⁸ — a ton of moyſ?] Moyſ is a piece of money; whence moi d'or, or
moi of gold. JOHNSON.

⁹ — and firk him,] The word firk is ſo variously uſed by the old
writers, that it is almoſt impoſible to aſcertain its precise meaning. On
this occaſion it may mean to chafisſe. So, in Ram-Alley, 1611:

“ — nay, I will firk

“ My filly novice, as he was never firkd

“ Since midwives bound his noddle.”

In Beaumont and Fletcher's Rule a Wife, &c. it means to collect by
low and diſhonest induſtry:

“ — theſe five years ſhe has firkd

“ A pretty living.”

In the Alcemift, it is obſcenely uſed. STEEVENS.

Pif. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and, for his ransom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pif. Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier; néanmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchise-ment.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remercie-ments: & je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, & très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pif. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks: and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signeur of England.

Pif. As I fuck blood, I will some mercy shew.—
Follow me, cur, [Exit PISTOL.]

Boy. Suivez vous le grand capitaine.

[Exit French Soldier.]

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true.—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i'the old play¹, that every

¹ — this roaring devil i'the old play. In modern puppet-shows, which seem to be copied from the old farce, *punch* sometimes fights the devil, and always overcomes him. I suppose the vice of the old farce, to whom *punch* succeeds, used to fight the devil with a wooden dagger. JOHNSON.

The devil, in the old mysteries, is as turbulent and vainglorious as Pistol. So, in one of the Coventry *Whitun Plays*, preserved in the British Museum. *Vespasian.* D. VIII. p. 136:

“ I am your lord Lucifer that out of helle cam,
“ Prince of this world, and gret duke of helle,
“ Wheifore my name is clepyd fer Satan,
“ Whech aperyth among you a mater to spelle.”

And perhaps the character was always performed in the most clamorous manner.

every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hang'd; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing advent'rously. I must stay with the lacqueys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it, but boys.

[Exit.]

In the ancient *Tragedy*, or rather *Morality*, called *All for Money*, by T. Lupton, 1578, *Sin* says :

" I knew I would make him soon change his note,

" I will make him sing the Black Sanctus, I hold him a groat.

" [Here Satan shall cry and roar.]

Again, a little after :

" Here he roareth and crieth."

Of the kind of wit current through these productions, a better specimen can hardly be found than the following :

" Satan. Whatever thou wilt have, I will not thee denie.

" Signe. Then give me a piece of thy tayle to make a flappe for a flie.

" For if I had a piece thereof, I do verily believe

" The humble bee stinging shoud never me grieve.

" Satan. No, my friend, no, my tayle I cannot spare,

" But aske what thou wilt besides, and I will it prepare.

" Sinne. Then your nose I would have to stop my tayle behind,

" For I am combed with collike and letting out of wind:

" And if it be too little to make thereof a case,

" Then I would be so holde to borrowe your face."

Such were the entertainments, of which our maiden queen sat spectatress in the earlier part of her reign. *STEEVENS.

In the old Moralities the devil was always attacked by the *Vice*, who belaboured him with his lath, and sent him roaring off the stage. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

" In a trice,

" Like to the old vice,

" Who, with dagger or lath,

" In his rage and his wrath,

" Cries ah! ha! to the devil."

And in *The old Taming of a Shrew*, one of the players says, "my lord, we must have—a little vinegar to make our dev'l roar."—" It was a pretty part in the old church plays, (says Harfnett in his *Detection of Popish Impostures*, quarto, 1603,) when the nimble Vice would skip up nimblly like a jacke an apes into the devil's necke, and ride the devill a course, and belabour him with his wooden dagger, till he made him roare, whereat the people would laugh to see the devil so vice-haunted."

The reason of the Vice's endeavouring to entertain the audience by attempting to pare the devil's nails, has been already assigned in a note on *Twelfth Night*, Vol. IV. p. 96. n. 9. MALONE.

SCENE V.

Another part of the field of battle.

Alarums. Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, BOURBON, Constable, RAMBURES, and Others.

Con. O *diable!*

Orl. O *seigneur!* — *le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*

Dau. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.—O *meschante fortune!* —

Do not run away. [A short alarm.]

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O *perdurabile shame!* — let's stab ourselves,

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame! Let us die in fight²: Once more back again;

² *O perdurable shame!* —] *Perdurabile* is lasting, long to continue. So in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, &c.:

"Triumphant arcs of *perdurabile* might." STEEVENS.

3 *Let us die in fight:*] For the insertion of the word *fight*, which (as I observed in my *Second Appendix*, 8vo. 1783,) appears to have been omitted by the negligence of the transcriber or compositor, I am answerable. So Bourbon says afterwards; "I'll to the throng; Let life be short," Macbeth utters the same sentiment:

"At least we'll die with harnes on our backs."

Mr. Theobald corrected the text by reading *infant* instead of *in*; but (as I have already remarked,) it is highly improbable that a printer should omit half a word; nor indeed does the word *infant* suit the context. Bourbon probably did not wish to die more than other men; but if we are conquered, (says he,) if we are *overcome*, let us bravely die in combat with our foes, and make their victory dear to them as we can.

The editor of the second folio, who always cuts a knot instead of untangling it, substituted *fly* for *die*, and absurdly reads, *Let us fly in*; leaving the metre, which was destroyed by the omission of a word, still imperfect, and at the same time rendering the passage nonsense. The lines stand thus in the quarto, 1600:

"Con. We are enough yet living in the field,

"To smother up the English,

"If any order might be thought upon."

"Bour. A plague of order! once more to the field;

"And he that will not follow," &c. MALONE.

· And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,
Whist by a slave, no gentler⁴ than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminate⁴.

Cou. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives
Unto these English, or else die with fame⁵.

Ori. We are enough, yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;
Let life be short; else, shame will be too long. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter King HENRY and forces; EXETER, and
Others.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant country-
men:

But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commands him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice, within this hour,
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, (brave soldier,) doth he lie,
Larding the plain: and by his bloody fide,
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,)
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

* — no gentler — This has no mal. gentility. MALONE.

4 — is contaminate.] The quo:to has — contamuracke, which cor-
rupted word, however, is sufficient to lead us to the true reading now in-
serted in the text: It is also supported by the metre and the usage of
our author and his contemporaries. — We have had in this play "hearts
create," for hearts created: so, elsewhere, *combinat*e, for *combin'd*; *con-
summate*, for *consummated*, &c. The folio reads — contaminated. MALONE.

5 Unto these English, or else die with fame. This line I have restored
from the quarto 1600. The constable of France is throughout the play
represented as a brave and generous enemy, and therefore we should not
deprive him of a resolution which agrees so well with his character.

STEEVENS.
Suffolk

Suffolk first dy'd: and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay int steep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

And cries aloud,—*Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!*

My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:

Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;

As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,

We kept together in our chivalry!

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says,—*Dear my lord,*
Commend my service to my sovereign.

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck

He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;

And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love⁶.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd

Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;

But I had not so much of man in me,

But all my mother came into mine eyes,

And gave me up to tears⁷.

K. Hen. I blame you not;

For, hearing this, I must perforse compound
With mistful eyes⁸, or they will issue too.—

[*Alarum.*]

⁶ A testament of noble-ending love.] So the folio. The quarto reads: An argument of never-ending love. MALONE.

⁷ But all my mother came into mine eyes,

And gave me up to tears.] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*And all, &c.* But has here the force of—*But that.* MALONE.

This thought is apparently copied by Milton, *Fa. Loft*, b. xi:

“ — compassion well'd

“ His best of man, and gave him up to tears.” STEEVENS.

Dryden also in *All for Love*, A. i, has the same expression:

“ I have not wept nais forty year; but now

“ My mother comes refresh into my eyes;

“ I cannot help her softness.” REED.

⁸ — with mistful—] Folio—*mistful*. Corrected by Dr. Warburton.
The passage is not in the quarto. MALONE.

This word the poet took from his observation of nature, for just before the bursting out of tears the eyes grow dim as if in a mist.

WARBURTON.

But,

KING HENRY V.

571

Bk. hark! what new alarum is this same? —
The French have re-inforc'd their scatter'd men :—
Then every soldier kill his prisoners ;
Give the word through ¹.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage ² ! 'tis expressly
against the law of arms : 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery,

^{9 —what new alarum is this same?} [The alarum on which Henry ordered
the prisoners to be slain, was founded by the affrighted runaways from
his own camp, who brought intelligence that the French had got behind
him, and had pillaged it. See a subsequent note. Not knowing the
extent of his danger, he gave the order here mentioned, that every soldier
should kill his prisoners.

After Henry speaks these words, "what new alarum is this same?" Shakspere probably intended that a messenger should enter, and secretly communicate this intelligence to him; though by some negligence no such marginal direction appears. MALONE.

^{1 Give the word through.} Here the quartos 1600 and 1608 add;
Pist. Couper gorge. STEEVENS.

Here in the folio the fourth act begins. The present regulation was
made by Mr. Pope, and has been adopted by all the subsequent editors.

MALONE.

^{2 Kill the poys and the luggage!} [The baggage, during the battle
(as king Henry had no men to spare) was guarded only by boys and
lacqueys; which some French runaways getting notice of, they came
down upon the English camp-boys, whom they kill'd, and plundered,
and burn'd the baggage; in resentment of which villainy it was, that
the king, contrary to his wonted lenity, order'd all prisoners' throats to
be cut. And to this villainy of the French runaways Fluellen is alluding,
when he says, *Kill the poys and the luggage!* The fact is set
out both by Hall and Holinshed. THOMAS D.

Unhappily the King gives one reason for his order to kill the prisoners,
and Gower another. The king killed his prisoners because he ex-
pected another battle, and he had not men sufficient to guard one army
and fight another. Gower declares that the gallant king has worthily
ordered the prisoners to be destroyed, because the baggage was plun-
dered, and the boys were slain. JOHNSON.

Our author has here, as in all his historical plays, followed Holinshed;
in whose Chronicle both these reasons are assigned for Henry's conduct.
Shakspere therefore has not departed from history; though he has
chosen to make Henry himself mention one of the reasons which ac-
tuated him, and Gower mention the other. See p. 573, n. 6. MALONE.

mark

St. 4

mark you now, as can be offer'd, in the 'orl'd: In your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals, that ran from the battle, have done this slaughter: besides, they have burn'd and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was born at Monmouth, captain Gower: What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, fave the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon; his father was called—Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is born. I tell you, captain,—If you look in the maps of the 'orl'd, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is call'd Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it in different well; for there is figures in all shiftings. Alexander (God knows, and you know,) in his rage, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finish'd. I speak

Speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus³, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his gootjudgments, is turn away the fat knight⁴ with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jefts, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks; I am forget his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I can tell you, there is goot men born at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY, with a part of the English forces; WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, and Others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France, Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald; Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill; If they will fight with us, bid them come down, Or void the field; they do offend our fight: If they'll do neither, we will come to them; And make them skir away⁵, as swift as stones Enforced from the old Assyrian slings: Besides, we'll cut the throats of thole we have⁶;

And

³ *As Alexander, &c.*] I should suspect that Shakespeare, who was well read in Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*, meant these speeches of Fluellen as a ridicule on the parallels of the Greek author, in which, circumstances common to all men are assembled in opposition, and one great action is forced into comparison with another, though as totally different in themselves, as was the behaviour of Harry Monmouth, from that of Alexander the Great. STEEVENS.

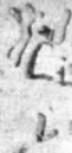
⁴ — *the fat knight*—] This is the last time that Falstaff can make sport. The poet was loath to part with him, and has continued his memory as long as he could. JOHNSON.

⁵ *And make them skir away,*—] I meet with this word in Ben Jonson's *News from the Moon*, a Masque:—"blow him afore him as far as he can see him; or skir over him with his bat's wings," &c. The word has already occurred in *Machetb*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;*] Dr. Johnson observes that "the king is in a very bloody disposition. He has already cut the throats of his prisoners, and threatens now to cut them again." To remove the absurdity, (of which he thinks the author could not have been guilty, "this play, as it now appears, being not written in haste, but a second draught"), he proposes to place these lines at the beginning of the present scene.

The

And not a man of them, that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy:—Go, and tell them so.


 Enter

The order of the scenes is the same (as Dr. Johnson owns,) in the quarto and the folio; and the supposition of a second draught is, I am perfuaded, a mistake, originating from Mr. Pope, whose researches on these subjects were by no means profound. The quarto copy of this play is manifestly an imperfect transcript procured by some fraud, and not a first draught or hasty sketch of Shakspere's. The choruses, which are wanting in it, and which must have been written in 1599, before the quarto was printed, prove this. Yet Mr. Pope asserts that these choruses, and all the other passages not found in the quarto, were added by the author after the year 1600.

With respect however to the incongruity objected to, if it be one, Holinshed, and not our poet, is answerable for it. For thus the matter is stated by him. While the battle was yet going on, about six hundred French horsemen, who were the first that had fled, hearing that the English tents were a good way distant from the army, without a sufficient guard, entered and pillaged the king's camp. "When the outcry of the lackies and boys, which ran away for fear of the Frenchmen, thus spoiling the camp, came to the king's ears, he, doubting lest his enemies should gather together again and begin a newe field, and mistrusting further that the prisoners would either be an aide to his enemies, or very enemies to their takers indeed, if they were suffered to live, contrary to his accustomed gentleness, commanded by sounde of trumpet, that every man upon pain of death shoud incontinently flee his prisoner."—Here then we have the first transaction relative to the killing of the prisoners, in consequence of the spoiling of the camp, to which Fluellen alludes in the beginning of this scene, when he complains of the French having "killed the boys and the luggage": and we see, the order for killing the prisoners arose partly from that outrage, and partly from Henry's apprehension that his enemies might renew the battle, and that his forces "were not sufficient to guard one army, and fight another."

What follows will serve to explain the king's threat in the speech now before us, at least will shew that it is not out of its place.—"When (proceeds the Chronicler,) this lamentable slaughter [of the prisoners] was ended, the Englishmen disposed themselves in order of battaille, ready to abide a newe field, and also to invade and newly set on their enemies.—Some write, that the King perceiving his enemies in one parte to assemble together, as though they meant to give a new battaille for preseration of the prisoners, sent to them a berault, commanding them either to depart out of his sight, or else to come forward at once, and give battaille; promising therewith, that IF THEY DID OFFER TO FIGHT AGAYNE, NOT ONLY THOSE PRISONERS WHICH HIS PEOPLE ALREADY HAD TAKEN, BUT ALSO SO MANY OF THEM AS IN THIS NEW CONFLICTE, WHICH THEY THUS ATTEMPTED, SHOULD FALL INTO HIS HANDS, SHOULD DIE THE DEATH WITHOUT REDEMPTION."

The

Enter MONTJOY.

Serv. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

G. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this herald? know'st thou not,

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?

Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king:

I come to thee for charitable licence,

That we may wander o'er this bloody field,

The fact was, that notwithstanding the first order concerning the prisoners, they were not all put to death, as appears from a subsequent passage, (which ascertains what our author's conception was,) and from the most authentick accounts of the battle of Agincourt. "When the king sat at his refection, he was served at his boorde of those *great lords and princes that were taken in the field.*" According to Fabian, the Duke of Orleans, who was among the captives, on hearing the proclamation for putting the prisoners to death, was so alarmed, that he immediately sent a message to the newly assembled French troops, who thereupon dispersed. Hardyng, who was himself at the battle of Agincourt, says, the prisoners were put to death, "*sav'e dukes and earles.*" Speed, on the authority of *Monsstrelet*, says, "King Henry, contrary to his wonted generous nature, gave present commandment that every man should kill his prisoner, which was immediately performed, *certain principal men excepted*;" who, as another Chronicler tells us, were tied back to back, and left unguarded. With this account corresponds that of Stowe; who tells us, that "on that night, when the king sat at his refection, he was served at his boordes of *those great lords and princes that were taken in the field.*" So also Polydore Virgil: "*Postquam bonam partem captivorum occiderunt, &c.*" And lastly Mr. Hume, on the authority of various ancient historians, says that Henry, on discovering that his danger was not so great as he at first apprehended from the attack on his camp, "*stopped the slaughter, and was still able to save a great number.*"

But though this fact were not established by the testimony of so many historians, and though *every one* of the prisoners had been put to death, according to the original order, it was certainly policy in Henry to conceal that circumstance, and to threaten to kill them, as if they were living; for the motive that induced the French to rally was, (we are told,) to save these prisoners; and if they had been informed that they were already executed, they might have been rendered desperate; at least would have had less inducement to lay down their arms. This however is a disquisition which is not necessary to our author's vindication. He followed the chronicle just as he found it. MALONE.

To

To book our dead, and then to bury them ;
 To fort our nobles from our common men ;
 For many of our princes (woe the while !)
 Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood ;
 (So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
 In blood of princes;) and their wounded steeds,
 Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,
 Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
 Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
 To view the field in safety, and dispose
 Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
 I know not, if the day be ours, or no ;
 For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
 And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it !—
 What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by ?

Mont. They call it—Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this—the field of Agincourt,
 Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please
 your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack
 prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought
 a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true : If your majesties is
 remember'd of it, the Welshmen did gōot service in a
 garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their
 Monmouth caps⁸ ; which, your majesty knows, to this

honor

⁷—and their wounded steeds.] The old copy reads—and with their, &c.; the compositor's eye having probably glanced on the line beneath. Mr. Pope unnecessarily rejected both words, reading—while their wounded steeds," in which he was followed by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

⁸—in their Monmouth caps ;] Monmouth caps were formerly much worn. From the following stanza in an old ballad of *The Caps*, printed in *The Antidote against Melancholy*, 1661, p. 31, it appears they were particularly worn by soldiers :

" The soldiers that the Monmouth wear,
 " On castle tops their ensigns rear.

" The

hour is an honourable badge of the service: and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh blood out of your body, I can tell you that: Got ples it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orl'd: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him;
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

• [Points to Williams. *Exeunt Montjoy and Others.*

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal, that swagger'd with me last night: who, if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o'the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which, he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

"The seaman with the thumb doth stand

"On higher parts than all the land." *R. R. D.*

"The best caps, (says Fuller in his *Worthies of Wales*, p. 50,) were formerly made at Monmouth, where the Capper's chapel doth still remain.—If (he adds) at this day [1660] the phrase of *wearing a Monmouth cap* be taken in a bad acceptation, I hope the inhabitants of that town will endeavour to disprove the occasion thereof." *MALONE.*

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great fort¹, quite from the answer of his degree¹.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce*, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, firrah, when thou meet'ſt the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain; and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [Exit.]

K. Hen. Here Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myself were down together², I pluck'd this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours, as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the

* — great fort,] High rank. So, in the ballad of *Jane Shore*:
“Lords and ladies of great fort.” JOHNSON.

The quartos 1600 and 1608 read:

— his enemy may be a gentleman of worth. STEEVENS.
1 — quite from the answer of his degree.] A man of such station as is not bound to hazard his person to answer to a challenge from one of the soldier's low degree. JOHNSON.

* — a Jack-sauce,] That is, a saucy Jack. See Vol. II. p. 214.
n. 5. MALONE.

2 When Alençon and myself were down together,] This circumstance is not an invention of Shakespeare's. Henry was feilid to the ground at the battle of Agincourt, by the Duke of Alençon, but recovered and slew two of the Duke's attendants. Afterwards Alençon was killed by the king's guard, contrary to Henry's intention, who wished to have saved him.

MALONE.

man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself agrief'd at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once; an please Got of his grace, that I might see it.

K. Hen. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

[Exit.]

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick,—and my brother Gloster,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May, haply, purchase him a box o' the ear;
It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,)—
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gun-powder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

[Exit.]

S C E N E VIII.

Before King Henry's Pavilion.

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseach you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it. [Strikes him.]

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal world, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir? you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

P p 2

Flu.

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows³, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK, and GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day, Here is his majesty.

Enter King HENRY, and EXETER.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he dide I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, (saving your majesty's manhood,) what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowfy knave it is: I hope, your majesty is pear me teftimony, and witness and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove⁴, soldier; Look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promis'dst to strike; and thou haft given me most bitter terms.

3 — into plows, —] The *Revisal* reads, very plausibly:

" — in two plows." JOHNSON.

The quarto reads, *I will give treason his due presently.* We might therefore read—in due plows, i. e. in the beating that is so well his due. Fuller in his *Church History*, p. 139, speaks of the task-masters of Israel, "on whose back the numbers of bricks wanting were only scored in blows." STEEVENS.

4 Give me thy glove,] Dr. Johnson would read *my glove*; but the text is certainly right. By "thy glove," the king means—the glove that thou haft now in thy cap; i. e. Henry's glove, which he had given to Williams, (see Act. IV. sc. 1.) and of which he had himself retained the fellow. MALONE.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orl'd.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns, And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow; And wear it for an honour in thy cap, Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:— And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly:—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of praws, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shooes: Come, wherefore should you be so paishful? your shooes is not so goot*: 'tis a goot filling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald; are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

[delivers a paper.]

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans⁵, nephew to the king;

* — your shooes is not so goot:] In the most minute particulars we find Shakespeare as observant as in matters of the highest moment. Shooes are, above any other article of dress, an object of attention to the common soldiery, and most liable to be worn out. MALONE.

⁵ Charles Duke of Orleans, &c.] This list is taken from Holinshed.

MALONE.

John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqualt :
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,
That in the field lie slain : of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six ; added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred ; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights :
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries⁶ ;
The rest are—princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—
Charles De-la-bret⁷, high constable of France ;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France ;
The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures ;
Great-master of France, the brave Sir Guischar Dauphin ;
John duke of Alençon ; Anthoñy duke of Brabant,
The brother to the duke of Burgundy ;
And Edward duke of Bar : of lusty earls,
Grandpré, and Roussi, Fauconberg, and Foix,
Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death !—
Where is the number of our English dead ?

[*Herald presents another paper.*
Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam esquire :
None else of name ; and, of all other men,
But five and twenty. O, God thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,

⁶ — sixteen hundred mercenaries ;] Mercenaries are in this place *common soldiers*, or *bired soldiers*. The gentlemen served at their own charge in consequence of their tenures. JOHNSON.

? Charles De-la-bret,] *De-la-bret*, as is already observed, should be Charles D'Albret, would the measure permit of such a change. Hollinshed sometimes apologizes for the omission of foreign names, on account of his inability to spell them, but always calls this nobleman "the lord de la Bretb, constable of France." See p. 549, and p. 555. STEEV.

But

But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on the other?—Take it, God,
For it is only thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell
how many is kill'd?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*⁸.
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
We'll then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T V.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Vouchsafe, to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king

⁸ Let there be sung Non nobis, &c.] “The king (says Holinshed,) when he saw no appearance of enemies, caused the retreat to be blowen, and gathering his army together, gave thanks to Almighty God for so happy a victory, causing his prelates and chagelains to sing this psalme, *In exitu Israel de Egypto*; and commanding every man to kneele downe, on the grounde at this verse—*Non nobis, domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam*: which done, he caused *Te Deum* and certain anthems to be sung, giving laud and praise to God, and not boasting of his owne force, or any humaine power.” MALONE.

Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen²,
 Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
 Athwart the sea: Behold, the English beach
 Pales in the flood with men, with wives¹, and boys,
 Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
 Which, like a mighty whiffler² fore the king,
 Seems to prepare his way: so let him land;
 And, solemnly, see him set on to London.
 So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
 You may imagine him upon Black-heath:
 Where that his lords desire him, to have borne³
 His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
 Before him, through the city: he forbids it,
 Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
 Giving full trophy⁴, signal, and ostent,
 Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
 In the quick forge and workinghouse of thought,
 How London doth pour out her citizens!
 The mayor, and all his breth'ren, in best fort,—
 Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
 Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:

² — grant him there; there seen,] If *Toward* be not abbreviated, our author with his accustomed licence uses one of these words as a disyllable, while to the other he assigns only its due length. See Vol. III. p. 54,

n. 7. MALONE.

¹ — with wives, —] *Witb*, which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

² — a mighty whiffler —] An officer who walks first in processions or before persons in high stations, on occasions of ceremony. The name is still retained in London, and there is an officer so called that walks before their companies at times of public solemnity. It seems a corruption from the French word *buiffier*. HAMMER.

See Mr. Warton's note to the tragedy of *Othello*, Act III. sc. ii. In the play of *Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. 1599, a *whiffler* makes his appearance at a tournament, clearing the way before the king. STEEVENS.

³ — to have borne, &c.] The construction is, to have his bruised helmet &c. borne before him through the city: i. e. to order it to be borne. This circumstance also our author found in Holinshed. MALONE.

⁴ Giving full trophy,—] Transferring all the honours of conquest, all trophies, tokens, and shews, from himself to God. JOHNSON.

As, by a lower but by loving likelihood⁵,
 Were now the general of our gracious empress⁶
 (As, in good time, he may,) from Ireland coming,
 Bringing rebellion broached on his sword⁷,
 How many would the peaceful city quit,
 To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,
 Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;

5 — *likelhood,*] Likelihood for similitude. WARBURTON.

The later editors, in hope of mending the measure of this line, have injured the sense. The folio reads as I have printed; but all the books, since revival became fashionable, and editors have been more diligent to display themselves than to illustrate their author, have given the line thus:

As by a low, but loving likelhood.

Thus they have destroyed the praise which the poet designed for Essex; for who would think himself honoured by the epithet *low?* The poet, desirous to celebrate that great man, whose popularity was then his boast, and afterwards his destruction, compares him to king Harry; but being afraid to offend the rival courtiers, or perhaps the queen herself, he confesses that he is *lower* than a king, but would never have represented him absolutely as *low*. JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope made this improper alteration; as well as a thousand others equally reprehensible.—Our author had the best grounds for supposing that Lord Essex on his return from Ireland would be attended with a numerous concourse of well-wishers; for, on his setting out for that country in the spring of the year in which this play was written, “he took horse (says the continuator of Stowe’s Chronicle,) in Seeding lane, and from thence being accompanied with diverse noblemen and many others, himself very plainly attired, roade through Grace-church street, Cornhill, Cheapside, and other high streets, in all which places and in the fields, the people pressed exceedingly to behold him, especially in the high way for more than foure miles space, crying, and saying, God blesse your Lordship, God preserve your honour, &c. and some followed him till the evening, only to behold him.” “Such and so great (adds the same writer,) was the hearty love and deep affection of the people towards him, by reason of his bounty, liberalitie, affabilitie and mild behaviour, that as well schollars, fouldiers, citizens, saylers, &c. protestants, papists, sectaries and atheists, yea, women and children which never saw him, that it was held in them a happiness to follow the worst of his fortunes.” That such a man should have fallen a sacrifice to the caprice of a fantastick woman, and the machinations of the detestable Cecil, must ever be lamented.—His return from Ireland, however, was very different from what our poet predicted. See a curious account of it in the Sydney Papers. Vol. II. p. 127. MALONE.

6 — *the general of our gracious empress—*] The earl of Essex in the reign of queen Elizabeth. POPE.

7 *Bringing rebellion broached—*] Spitted, transfixed. JOHNSON.

(As

(As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's stay at home :
The emperor's coming⁸ in behalf of France,
To order peace between them;) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France ;
There must we bring him ; and myself have play'd
The interim, by rembering you—'tis past.
Then brook abridgement ; and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, straight back again to France. [Exit.]

SCENE I.

France. An English Court of guard.

Enter Fluellen and Gower⁹.

Gow. Nay, that's right; But why wear you your leek
to-day? saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore
in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain^{*}
Gower; The rascally, scald, beggarly, lowfy, prating
knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself, and all the 'ord'
know to be no better than a fellow, look you now, of no
merits,—he is come to me, and brings me bread and salt
yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in

⁸ The emperor's coming.—] The emperor Sigismond, who was married to Henry's second cousin. If the text be right, I suppose the meaning is,—The emperor is coming; &c. but I suspect some corruption, for the chorus speaks of the emperor's visit as now past. I believe, a line has been lost before "The emperor's," &c.—If we transpose the words and omit, we have a very unmetrical line, but better sense. "Omit the emperor's coming,—and all the occurrences which happened till Harry's return to France." Perhaps this was the author's meaning, even as the words stand. If so, the mark of parenthesis should be placed after the word *home*, and a comma after *them*. MALONE.

⁹ Enter Fluellen, and Gower.] This scene ought, in my opinion, to conclude the fourth act, and be placed before the last chorus. There is no English camp in this act; the quarrel apparently happened before the return of the army to England, and not after so long an interval as the chorus has supplied. JOHNSON.

Fluellen presently says that he wore his leek in consequence of an affront he had received the day before from Pistol. Their present quarrel has therefore no reference to that begun in the sixth scene of the third act. STEEVENS.

a place

a place where I could not breed no contentions with him ;
but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him
once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my
desires.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol ! you scurvy, lowfy knave, Got pless you !

Pist. Ha ! art thou Bedlam ? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web¹ ?

Hence ! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I pefeech you heartily, scurvy lowfy knave, at my
desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look
you, this leek ; because, look you, you do not love it, nor
your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions,
does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [strikes him.] Will you
be so goot, scald knave, as eat it ?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will
is : I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat
your virtualls ; come, there is fauce for it. [striking him
again.] You call'd me yesterday, moutain-squire ; but I
will make you to-day a squire of low degree². I pray
you, fall to ; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain ; you have astonish'd him³.

¹ To have me fold up, &c.] Dost thou desire to have me put thee to
death ? JOHNSON.

² — squire of low degree.] That is, I will bring thee to the ground.

JOHNSON.

The squire of Low Degree is the title of an old romance, enumerated
among other books in a letter concerning Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment
at Kenelworth. STEEVENS.

This metrical romance was burlesqued by Chaucer in his rhyme of
Sir Thopas, and begins thus :

" It was a squire of lowe degré,

" That loved the kings daughter of Hungré."

See Reliques of English Poetry, Vol. III. p. 30. 2d edit. PERCY.

³ — astonisht him.] That is, you have stunned him with the blow.

JOHNSON.

Flu.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days:—Pite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound, and your bloody coxcomb.

Pif. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pif. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat, and eat, I swear⁴.

Flu. Eat, I pray you: Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pif. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them; that is all.

Pif. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot:—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pif. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pif. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit,

Pif. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceas'd valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking⁵ and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good

⁴ *I eat, and eat, I swear.*] Thus the first folio, for which the later editors have put, *I eat and swear*. We should read, I suppose, in the frigid tumour of Pif's dialect,—*I eat, and eke I swear*. JOHNSON.

⁵ —*gleeking*—] i. e. scoffing, sneering. STEEVENS.

a good English condition*. Fare ye well. [Exit.]

Pist. Doth fortune play the hufwife⁶ with me now?

News have I, that my Nell is dead⁷ i'the 'spital

Of malady of France;

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.

Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs

Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,

And something lean to cut-purse of quick hand.

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:

And patches will I get unto these scars,

And swear, I got them in the Gallia wars⁸. [Exit.]

* — *a good English condition.*] That is, a good English temper or disposition. See p. 600, n. 3. MALONE.

⁶ *Doth fortune play the hufwife—*] That is, the *jilt*. *Hufwife* is here in an ill sense. JOHNSON.

⁷ *News haue I, that my Nell is dead—*] The folio reads, that my *Doll* is dead. The correction was made by Dr. Johnson. In a former scene Pistol says,

"Nor shall my *Nell* keep lodgers." MALONE.

Dol Tearsheet was so little the favourite of Pistol that he offered her in contempt to Nym. Nor would her death have cut off his rendezvous; that is, deprived him of a home. Perhaps the poet forgot his

In the quartos 1600, and 1608, the lines are read thus:

"Doth fortune playte the hufwyte with me now?"

"Is honour cudgel'd from my warlike lines [loins]?"

"Well, France farewell. News haue I certainly,"

"That Doll is sick one [on] mallydie of France."

"The warres affordeth nought; home will I trug,"

"Bawd will I turne, and use the flyte of hand;"

"To Englan~~s~~ will I steal, and there I'll steal;"

"And patches will I get unto these skarres,"

"And swear I gat them in the Gallia warres." JOHNSON.

⁸ The comic scenes of *The History of Henry the Fourth and Fifth* are now at an end, and all the comic personages are now dismissed. Falstaff and ~~Nym~~. Quickly are dead; Nym and Bardolph are hanged; Gads-hill was lost immediately after the robbery; Poins and Peto have vanished since, one knows not how; and Pistol is now beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure. JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

Troyes in Champagne⁹. An Apartment in the French King's Palace.

Enter, at one door, King HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen ISABEL, the Prince's CATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, &c. the duke of BURGUNDY, and his Train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met¹!
Unto our brother France,—and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Catharine;
And (as a branch and member of this valty,
By whom this great assembl^y is conviv'd,
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy;—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,

⁹ Henry some time before his marriage with Catharine, accompanied by his brothers, uncles, &c. had a conference with her, the French King and Queen, the Duke of Burgundy, &c. in a field near Melun, where two pavillions were erected for the royal families, and a third between them for the council to assemble in and deliberate on the articles of peace. “The Frenchmen, (says the Chronicle,) ditched, trenched, and paled their lodgings for fear of after-clappes; but the Englishmen had their part of the field only barred and parted.” But the treaty was then broken off. Sometime afterwards they again met in St. Peter’s church at Troyes in Champagne, where Catharine was affianced to Henry, and the articles of peace between France and England finally concluded.—Shakspeare, having mentioned in the course of this scene, “a bar and royal interview,” seems to have had the former place of meeting in his thoughts; the description of the field near Melun in the Chronicle somewhat corresponding to that of a bar or barriers. But the place of the present scene is certainly Troyes in Champagne. However, as St. Peter’s church would not admit of the French King and Queen &c. retiring, and then appearing again on the scene, I have supposed, with the former editors, the interview to take place in a palace.

MALONE.

¹ Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!] Peace, for which we are here met, be to this meeting.

Here after the chorus, the fifth act seems naturally to begin.

JOHNSON.

Moff

Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—

So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. I/a. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basiliks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.

K. Hen. To come ~~ame~~ to that, thus we appear.

Q. I/a. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England! That I have labour'd
With all my wits, my paine, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar² and royal interview,
Your mightiness in both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,
That face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted; let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd;
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies³: her hedges even-pleach'd,—

* 2 *Unto this bar—]* To this barrier; to this place of congress.

JOHNSON.

3 *Unpruned dies:—]* We must read, *Iyes*; for neglect of pruning
does not kill the vine, but causes it to ramify immoderately, and grow
wild; by which the requisite nourishment is withdrawn from its fruit.

WARBURTON.

This emendation is physically right, but poetically the vine may be
well enough said to die, which ceases to bear fruit. JOHNSON.

Like

Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair⁴,
 Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
 Thy darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
 Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,
 That shoud deracinate⁵ such savagery:
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
 Wanting the scythe, withall uncorrected, rank,
 Conceives by idleness; and nothing teeins,
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, keckfies, burs,
 Losing both beauty and utility.
 And as our vineyards⁶, fallows, meads, and hedges,
 Defective in their natures⁷, grow to wildness;

Even

4 — *her hedges even-pleach'd.* —

Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair. The image of prisoners is oddly introduced. A hedge even-pleach'd is more properly imprisoned than when it luxuriates in unpruned exuberance. JOHNSON.

The learned commentator misapprehended, ^{as} I believe, our author's sentiment. Hedges are pleached, that is, their long branches being cut off, are twisted and woven through the lower part of the hedge, in order to thicken and strengthen the fence. The following year, when the hedge shoots out, it is customary in many places to clip these knots, so as to render them even. The Duke of Burgundy therefore, among other instances of the neglect of husbandry, mentions this; that the hedges, which were even-pleached, for want of trimming put forth irregular twigs; like prisoners, who in their confinement have neglected the use of the razor, and in consequence are wildly overgrown with hair. The hedge in its cultivated state, when it is even-pleached, is compared to the prisoner; in its "wild exuberance," it resembles the prisoner "overgrown with hair."

As a hedge, however, that is even-pleached or woven together, and one that is clipt, are alike reduced to an even surface, our author with his usual licence might have meant only by *even-pleach'd*, "our hedges which were heretofore clipp'd smooth and even."

The line "Like prisoners," &c. it should be observed, refers to the one which follows, and not to that which precedes it. The construction is, Her even-pleached hedges put forth disordered twigs, resembling persons in prison, whose faces are from neglect over-grown with hair.

MALONE.

5 — *deracinate* —] To deracinate is to force up by the roots, STEEV.

6 — *And as our vineyards* —] The old copy reads — And all our vineyards. The emendation was made by Mr. Roderick. MALONE.

7 — *Defective in their natures*, —] Nature had been changed by Dr. Warburton into nurture; but, as Mr. Upton observes, unnecessarily. *Sua deficientur natura.* They were not defective in their *creative* nature

Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire⁸,
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour⁹,
You are assembled: and my speech entreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel these inconveniencies,
And bleفس us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which, as yet,
There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursory eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleafeth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To fit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will, suddenly,
Pass our accept, and peremptory answer¹⁰.

K. Hen.

* cure, for they grew to wildness; but they were defective in their proper and favourable nature, which was to bring forth food for man. STEEV.

⁸ — diffus'd attire,] *Diffus'd* is so much used by our author for *wild*, *irregular*, and *strange*, that in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* he applies it to a song supposed to be sung by fairies. JOHNSON.

See Vol. I. p. 284, n. 1. MALONE.

⁹ — former favour,] Former appearance. JOHNSON.

¹⁰ — we will suddenly

Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.] Dr. Warburton reads—
Pass or accept; in which he is followed by the subsequent editors. “ As the French king (says he,) desires more time to consider of the articles, ‘tis absurd in him to say absolutely that he would accept them all.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
And brother Clarence*,—and you, brother Gloster,—
Warwick,—and Huntington,—go with the king:
And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands;
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Catharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but HENRY, CATH. and her Gentlewoman.*

K. Hen. Fair Catharine, and most fair!
Will

He must mean that he would at once *wave* and *decline* what he disliked, and consign to such as he approved of.*—But the objection is founded, I apprehend, on a misconception of the word *accept*, which does not, I think, import that he would accept them all, but means *acceptation*. We will immediately, says he, deliver our *acceptation* of these articles,—the opinion which we shall form upon them, and our peremptory answer to each particular. Fuller in his *Worthies*, 1660, uses *acceptation* for *acceptance*. See Sc. vii. of the preceding act, p. 577, n. 8.

If any change were to be made, I would rather read,—“*Pas* or *except*, &c.” i. e. *agree to*, or *except against* the articles, as I should either approve or dislike them. So, in a subsequent part of this scene;

“ Nor this I have not, brother, so deny'd,

“ But your request shall make me let it *pas*.” *MALONE.*

Pas our *accept*, and peremptory answer: i. e. we will *pas* our *acceptance* of what we approve, and we will *pas* a peremptory answer to the rest. Politeness might forbid his saying, we will *pas* a denial, but his own dignity required more time for deliberation. Besides, if we read—*Pas* or *accept*, is not *peremptory answer* superfluous, and plainly implied in the former words? *TOLLET.*

* *And brother Clarence,* [Neither Clarence nor Huntington, whom the king here addresses; has been enumerated in the *Dramatis Personæ*, as neither of them speaks a word. Huntington was John Holland, Earl of Huntington, who afterwards married the widow of Edmond Mortimer, Earl of March. *MALONE.*]

* *Fair Catbarine, and most fair!*] Shakespeare might have taken the hint

Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Cath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak
your England.

K. Hen. O fair Catharine, if you will love me soundly
with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it
brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Cath. Pardonnez moy, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like
an angel.

Cath. Que est-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

Alice. Ouy, verayment, (sauf vostre grace) ainsi dit il.

K. Hen. I'faith, dear Catharine; and I must not
blush to affirm it.

Cath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines
des tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of
men are full of deceits?

Alice. Ouy; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of de-
ceits: dat is de princes.

K. Hen. The princes is the better English woman.
I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I
am glad, thou canst speake no better English; for, if thou
couldst, thou wouldest find me such a plain king³, that thou
wouldest

hint for this scene from the anonymous play of *Henry V.* so often quoted,
where the king begins with greater bluntness, and with an exordium
most truly English:

"How now, fair lady Katharine of France!

"What news?" STEEVENS.

³ — *such a plain king,* —] I know not why Shakspeare now gives
the king nearly such a character as he made him formerly ridicule in
Percy. This military grossness and unskilfulness in all the softer arts
does not suit very well with the gaieties of his youth, with the general
knowledge ascribed to him at his accession, or with the contemptuous
message sent him by the dauphin, who represents him as fitter for the
ball-room than the field, and tells him that he is not to *revel into dutches*, or win provinces *with a nimble galliard*. The truth is, that
the poet's matter failed him in the fifth act, and he was glad to fill it
up with whatever he could get; and not even Shakspeare can write well
without a proper subject. It is a vain endeavour for the most skilful
hand to cultivate barrenness, or to paint upon vacuity. JOHNSON.

wouldst think, I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me farther than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i'faith, do; and so clap hands, and a bargain⁴: How say you, lady?

Cath. *Sauf voſtre honneur*, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure⁵; and for the other, I have no strength¹ in measure⁵, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-dancing, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour, either back, under the correction of bragging be it po— I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and fit like a jack-a-apes, never off: but, before God, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in prolation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: If thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee

Our author, I believe, was led imperceptibly by the old play to give this representation of Henry, and meant probably, in this speech at least, not to oppose the *soldier* to the *lover*, but the plain honest *Englishman*, to the less sincere and more talkative *Frenchman*. In the old *King Henry V.* quarto, 1598, the corresponding speech stands thus:

" Hen. Tush Kate, but tell me in plain terms,

" Canſt thou love the king of England?"

" I cannot do as theſe countries do,"

" That ſpend half their time in wooing:

" Tush, wench, I am none ſuch;

" But wilt thou go over to England?"

The ſubsequent ſpeech, however, " Marry, if you would put me to verses," &c. fully juſtifies Dr. Johnson's obſervation. MALONE.

⁴ — and ſo clap hands, and a bargain:] See Vol. IV. p. 128, n. 9.

MALONE.

⁵ I have no strength in measure,] That is, in the dance ſo called. See Vol. II. p. 405, n. 4. MALONE.

—that

...that I shall die, is true; but—for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy⁶; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours,—they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curl'd pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good ~~lady~~⁷ Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changeth wout keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me. And take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: And what say'st thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Catb. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible, you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Catb. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, & quand vous avez le possession de moi,* (let me see, what then?) *Saint Dennis be my speed!*—*donc vostre est France, & vous estes mienne.*

⁶ —take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy;] To coin is to stamp and to counterfeit. He uses it in both senses; uncoined constancy signifies real and true constancy, unrefined and unadorned. JOHNSON.

⁷ “Uncoined constancy,” resembling a plain piece of metal that has not yet received any impression. Catharine was the first woman that Henry had ever loved. A. C.

? *Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?*] So, in the anonymous play of the Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth: “Kate, How Should I love thee, which is my father's enemie?” STEEVENS.

It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Cath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Cath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me: And at night when you come into your closet, you'll tell this gentlewoman about me; and I know, ~~Kate, you~~, ill, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. —If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me, tells me, —thou shalt,) I get thee with scambling⁸; and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, between saint Dennis and saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople⁹, and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what say'st thou, my fair flower-de luce?

Cath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy: and, for my English moiety, take the word of a king, and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Catharine du monde, mon tres chere et divine deesse?*

Cath. Your majesté 'ave faulſe French enough to deceive de most sage damoiselle dat is en France.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me; yet my blood be-

⁸ — *with scambling,*] i. e. scrambling. See p. 452, n. 5. STEEV.

⁹ — *go to Constantinople, —*] Shakespeare has here committed an anachronism. The Turks were not possessed of Constantinople before the year 1453, when Henry V. had been dead thirty one years. THEOBALD.

gins to flatter me that thou doft, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect¹ of my visage. Now befhrew my father's ambition ! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me ; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear : my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face : thou haft me, if thou haft me, at the worst ; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better ; And therefore tell me, most fair Catharine, will you have me ? Put off your maiden blushes ; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress ; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine : which word you shalt no sooner blefs mine ear withal, but I will tell lace aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine ; who, though ! I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows . Come, your answer in broken musick ; for thy voice is musick, and thy English broken : therefore, queen of all, Catharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Wilt thou have me ?

Catb. Dat is, as it shall please de roy mon pere.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate ; it shall please him, Kate.

Catb. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I will kiss your hand, and I call you —my queen,

Cath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez : ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissez voftre grandeur, en bâfiant la main à une voftre indigne servitüre ; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

¹ — untempering effect —] The fense is, I understand that you love me, notwithstanding my face has no power to temper, i. e. soften you to my purpose :

“ —nature made you

“ To temper man —.” Otway.

So again, in *Titus Andronicus*, which may, at least, be quoted as the work of an author contemporary with Shakspere :

“ And temper him with all the art I have.” STEEVENS.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Cath. *Les dames, & damoiselles, pour estre baisees devant leur noces, il n'est pas le coutume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les ladies of France,* — I cannot tell what is, *baiser, en English.*

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty entendre bettre que moy.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Ouy, vrayment.

K. Hen. O, Kate, nice customs curst by to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined ⁱⁿ the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the ~~best~~ ^{best} of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows ^{is}, stop the mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [kissing her.] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs². Here comes your father.

Enter the French King and Queen, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, and other French and English Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princeſ English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn ^{to} my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English?

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz; and my condition is not smooth³: so that, having neither the voice nor the

² — *your lips — should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs.*] So, in the old anonymous *Henry V*: “Tell thy father from me, that none in the world should sooner have persuaded me,” &c. STEEVENS.

³ — *my condition is not smooth:*] Condition is temper. So, in *K. Henry IV*. Part I. sc. iii:

“ — *my condition,*

“ Which has been smooth as oil,” &c. STEEVENS.

heart

heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth⁴, "if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle : if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind : Can you blame her then, being a maid yet robed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self ? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. They do wink, and yield ; as love is blind, and enforce it.

Bur. They are then ~~blinded~~, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning : for maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes ; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time⁵, and a hot summer ; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so : and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness ; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turn'd into a maid ; for they are all girdled

⁴ *Pardon the frankness of my mirth,—*] We have here but a mean dialogue for princes ; the merriment is very gross, and the sentiments are very worthless. JOHNSON.

⁵ *This moral—*] That is, the application of this fable. The *moral* being the application of a fable, our author calls any application a *moral*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 265, n. 7. MALONE.

with maiden walls⁶, that war hath never enter'd.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her: so the maid, that flood in the way for my wish, shall shew me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article: His daughter, first; and then in sequel all⁷, According to their firm proposed natutes.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:— Where your majesty demands,—That the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of us, it, shall name your highnes in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre tres cher filz Henry, eoy d' Angleterre, heretier de France*; and thus in Latin,—*Praeclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliae, & haeres Francie*.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so deny'd, But your request shall make me let it pass.

⁶ — they are all girdled with maiden walls, &c.] We have again the same allusion in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,

“ To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

Again, in his *Lover's Complaint*:

“ And long upon these terms I held my city,

“ Till thus he gan besiege me.”

See also *All's well that ends well*; Vol. II. p. 359. MALONE.

⁷ — and then in sequel all,] Then, which is not in the old copy, was supplied for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

⁸ — *Notre tres cher filz*—and thus in Latin; *præclarissimus filius*.—] What, is *tres cher*, in French, *Præclarissimus* in Latin? We should read, *præcarissimus*. WARBURTON.

“ This is exceeding true,” says Dr. Farmer, “ but how came the blunder? It is a typographical one in Holinshed, which Shakspeare copied; but must indisputably have been corrected, had he been acquainted with the languages.” STEEVENS.

In all the old historians that I have seen, as well as in Holinshed, I find this mistake; but in the preamble of the original treaty of Troyes, Henry is styled *Præcarissimus*; and in the 22d article the stipulation is, that he shall always be called, “ in lingua Gallicana notre tres cher fils, &c.; in lingua vero Latina hoc modo, noster præcarissimus filius Henricus,” &c. See Rymer's *Fæd.* IX. 893. MALONE.

K. Hen.